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To the Most Rev. Mgr. Satolli, D.D.*



I.

HIGH in the splendor of eternal Peace
The Pontiff sits, defying change and time,
He makes the Epoch, and as rhyme fits
rhyme,

As cadence answers cadence till surcease
Falls on the perfect poem and words release
Its spirit to our hearts, his life sublime
Bears up our souls above the earthly slime
And so our love and hope each day increase:

Happy art thou, and blessed in the sight
Of men to-day; upon thee from the keys
That Leo holds, fall beam as bright and clear,—
As clear, as bright as from the Lord of Light
At Pentecost;—all thought of discord flees
In thy mere presence,—Peace thou bringest here!

II.

Steeped in the glow and glory of the Light
That shines from Rome and Leo thou dost stand
Welcome among us to this golden strand
Where Freedom reigns and where the tyrant's might
Enchains no man,—where every true man's right
Is liberty for God;—as exiles land
After long voyage, we kiss thy ringèd hand,
In rapture at the dawn that glads our sight.

Welcome art thou who in the sacred name
Of glorious Leo com'st into this place
To Leo consecrate,—through him to thee!
We know thee,—for all men have heard thy fame,—
Welcome and welcome, clothed with Leo's grace,—
Replete with truth that meaneth Liberty.

* Address to His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, on the occasion of his visit to Notre Dame.

The Spirit of Education.*

BY H. LAMAR MONARCH, '93.



THE simplest things about us at times hold us in admiration. Some of the grandest stand recluse in our very presence. Turner, the English landscape painter, once had on exhibition a masterpiece, "The Sunset." From amongst the crowd of admirers he was accosted in rather a brusque manner by a rustic, who said: "I never saw a sunset like that." But the grand old artist replied, with all gentleness and diplomacy: "I don't doubt it, sir."

There was a man who had lived in the country all his life, had seen sunsets from his boyhood, never left the field, perhaps, until the sun gilded the clod that rolled from his polished share, but he had never seen a sunset like that.

The purple robes of early morn, the great gown draped in gold at set of sun, the funeral mantle that heaven spreads over the dying day escape the eyes of many. The artist loves these scenes. He loves the confusion of thoughts rushing madly by in the vain quest for words to depict these colors. He is satisfied to know no man can paint them—so subtle is the charm imagination casts over that which is denied. Nature, with her power and vastness, blue precipices, bended but unbroken crystal falls of water, shifting clouds, swaying trees; all are wonderful since they speak in their magnificence of something higher than themselves.

* Oration delivered at the Oratorical Contest, June 7.

Long ago man walked in Paradise—walked in a garden fashioned by the hand of God. Great leaves of plants waved in an atmosphere of warmth that carried upon its soft, airy wings the grateful odors of flowers that had not yet felt the icy clasp of winter. Friendship never died there. The loud waves of the sea whispered only sighs of contentment, or ran on in rippling music, awestruck by this home of purity. There was no toil, no pain; there were no griefs, no graves. The only spires were the grand, silent rocks. The peaks were the gilded domes shimmering in the evening twilight. The first man and the first woman, in all their innocence, walked in the groves of Paradise, held familiar converse with their Maker, and appreciated every work of His hand. But, in an evil hour, a dark cloud settled upon them: they transgressed the easy law of God. The stars no longer shone with their wonted lustre; the magic of the mellow moon had lost its power to charm; the birds of the air and the flowers of the field had become estranged and timid. Then were seen confusion and dismay, where before all was order and serenity. Man's will was enfeebled and speedily grew sick at opposition; and duty, which before meant love, now meant sacrifice. Mankind no more challenges the secrets of nature; his vision is troubled and uncertain; his thought comes unsteady; he cannot see, but questions; then, for the first time upon the earth was needed education.

Lower and lower, for hundreds of years, man fell, until the only vestige of his former happiness was God's promise of mercy. Out of antiquity rises Egypt, a pagan people. There, in far off Africa, sprang the germ of our arts and letters of to-day. The torch of education was borne along from spot to spot one solitary gleam amidst a world steeped in idolatry. Thicker and thicker crowd the nations, tramping on each others' heels, until we catch but a cursory glance of the figures that swell the dim procession. Thebes and Memphis, Phœnicia, Israel, Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, and then we come upon a time when education struggled with pride, sensuality and cruelty, still on the ascent, saved by the few who, like the eagle that soars above the clouds, rose with it and kept it out of the storm of contending error until the bright rays of Christianity lighted the valleys of old; here we pause and gaze at the highest points intellectual training ever reached—Greece and Rome.

Athens, with her doctors and her sages—Homer, Pericles, Phydias, Sophocles, Plato, Demosthenes. Their spirit held them above

paganism, and they felt the pulse of Christian life beating through the thinning tissue of time. They descanted on the simplest subjects till, wrapping the glorious colorings of their fancy about the rugged peaks of thought, their arguments sank in quiet wisdom. Poetry meant beauty, and all that was heroic in man. Government meant unselfish love of country. Music, eloquence and the arts gracefully reclined in the cold vault of paganism, couched among temples, triumphal arches, amphitheatres, colonnades, hung in splendor, they stood in the perfumed air of pleasure; but something was wanting.

Rome had her lawgivers and poets—Cæsar, Seneca, Horace, Virgil, Plautus, Terrence and Cicero. Here, when her reins of government were kinked over a people further advanced in laws than any other nation had ever been, sentimentality and voluptuousness, sustained by sophists, made arid that freshness of taste and magnificence. The human mind worked by itself; man could boast of possessing only that spark of divinity, his intellect. That intellect observed all the beings by which it was surrounded; and in its own immense superiority, in the midst of wonders, it pointed to proofs of its strength and grandeur, the embellishments of its abode, its force, its boldness; but luxury knew wherein ignorance lay and dragged man down affrighted into darkness. To-day, with unresting energy, man still tends to make the world more habitable. Here and there, through the interstices of great railroad fabrics, rise the gilded domes of magnificent cities. Genius has descended to the foundations of science, risen by the boldest flights to the loftiest speculations, reached the utmost limits of space that the human mind is permitted to range over; the nations are better acquainted with one another, and in the increase of population the multiplicity of material improvements, we go far up in the temple of progress, and, as the Pharisee of old, thank our God we are not like the Publican of the past.

But while we stand in this temple, behold the sacrifices as they go on, see the souls that offer themselves to be fettered, see the shrines of gold where ease and peace, love and religion are hourly immolated, the question must arise: Is this great epoch of material progress rocking the cradle of a mighty people, or is this wild dissonance before Mammon but a consistent ritual, and are men become barbarians again setting a decrepit nation upon a funeral pyre? History and Philosophy send back the answer: "If our nation is to be powerful and long-lived, in Christian Education lies our hope." No

more at the mercy of illusions before our eyes; no more shall the brilliant image enchant and then vanish; we are in a region of light, treading the most secret paths of science, sounding the sublimest depths of moral and physical nature; we place our confidence in something higher than mere intellect. We are growing better and stronger; man loses narrow self in noble aims and love of God. Wherever man has progressed we find him doing so under the influence of religious principles. True or false, rational or absurd, they always couple themselves with improvement.

Back to the Romans and Greeks! They went deplorably astray; but in the midst of their wanderings there was always a modicum of light. It was better than the thick gloom of Atheism. The times were dark, and religion burned like dimmed candles; but the voices of a hundred schools disputed under its rays, and spoke truths which will live forever. When we look back and see those men, like heroes, lying strewn about in battlefields of ages, we remember that once Pyrrhus stood upon the conquered field of Heraclea and saw the Romans lying about him everyone with a wound in front. Bending over them, and turning up the breasts of some who had fallen on their faces, he exclaimed: "If these were my soldiers, or I were their general, we would conquer the world!" Oh, what brave men! Yes, and if we could have those intellectual giants of Rome and Athens to-day, bring them into our world, teach them sympathy, virtue, and the dignity of man, I believe that we too in the battle of peace could conquer the world. But there they went down and man failed in this last and greatest effort which his unaided powers were to undertake.

Thus in that confused heap of error and truth, absurdity and sublimity, folly and wisdom, when Rome was an Empire, we know from Bossuet, Alexandria had opened her gates to Cæsar; Egypt had become a Roman province; Mark Anthony was dead; Cleopatra despaired of saving her crown and followed him; Rome stretched out her arms to Augustus, Emperor, Master, Cæsar. He suppressed the revolt of the Cantabrians and Asturians; Ethiopia asks for peace. The Parthians, terrified, send back the Roman Eagles and all the prisoners which they had taken from Crassus; the Indians seek his alliance. His power is felt by the Rhetians, the cold Alps having refused longer to protect them. Pannonia recognizes him, Germany fears him; the Weser receives his laws; victorious by land and sea, his people, after carousing through a night of ages, now at

the quiet dawn lay wrapped in slumbers of peace; he closes the gates of Janus. Christ comes into the world.

Only a few minds were calmly laboring at the break of day and saw the early morning of true life with a realizing sense. The great Doctors then elucidated the old Philosophy, casting aside parts that turned a different color in Christian rays. Religion absorbed the people, and education did nothing but labor to eradicate the barbarous ideas of polytheism. Charlemagne and Alfred the Great gave to this movement a new impetus. It lapped and overlapped until the centuries saw its completion in the Renaissance. Then monks, and the few who bartered their lives for knowledge, fed the mental man in the damp cell or gloomy attic, content to live upon the dry crust if only they might refresh their souls with the sweeter bread of science.

Thus we take an inadequate glimpse of education from the highest points illumined by genius. To-day we stand in an epoch of science. The whole world is being rapidly changed by it. Subjects can now be discussed by doctors in a manner impossible to the Philosopher of a few centuries ago. Science does so many things. It theorizes the flattened universe, revolves the heavens about one star in the Pleiades, and measures the little grain of sand—our earth in the illimitable space—small, but carrying with it a people so enamoured of themselves that they think all will die with them. Some have even gone so far as to elect nature for their God. Nature! what an imposing word! A parallel to Atheism. Out of this Philosophy rises the tendency to educate the young in the Utilitarian system—teach them how to amass wealth alone rather than make them poets, and show them the beautiful everywhere; move them by what is pure, noble, and brave.

"The poor think the rich happy, that money saves men from sneers," says a very wise philosopher of our day. Some, in their poverty of resource, others in their poverty of wealth, and all in greatest poverty of mind think that money can "expand the narrow heart, brighten the imagination" and awaken dormant beauty in the soul. They would "Coin their hearts and drop their blood for drachmas," and all the gold of Plutus' mine could never sate them. The love of money is just what keeps half the illiterate world in ignorance. Money is above thought, and the tool is greater than man, the artisan. Nothing but education will ever raise our nation from these depths—Christian education. The swine that wallows in filth has all

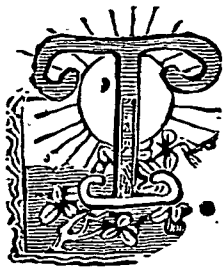
the glories of nature painted in its eye; all sounds strike its ear; it has all the sensations of physical pleasure of which man is capable; but the impressions are received without thought, without sense of beauty, without imagination, without hope, faith, without any of the qualities that distinguish man the king of creation. But, if we are to be men, our thoughts must turn to elevate society; our selfish instincts, tending to deteriorate our being, must be controlled, our imagination must be pure, wide, swifter than ages, enabling us to live millions of years in a day and to come through a millenium with experience that guides and directs the present. The master-mind is he who dips into the future by reason until the calamities that menace our social life are forestalled and the happy ending of life's work is foreseen and makes him callous to his times that misunderstand him. He must live in the past, in the future, anywhere, everywhere, until his soul can once more win back its heavenly heritage, until the divinity within him stretches out over all God's vast creation, subjugating all the powers of the earth, and air, and ocean, until he stands before the whole world the masterpiece of heaven's handicraft. O!

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!"

A fallen deity who remembers heaven.

The Necessity of Union.*

BY MICHAEL A. QUINLAN, '93.



HE greater part of man's life is spent in the study of what others have done. Man loves to contemplate the lives and deeds of the brave, the noble, the virtuous. He loves to eulogize those who have impressed upon the world the stamp of their individuality, men strong in character, daring in exploits, patient and enduring in misfortune, original in thought and often in action—in a word, the immortals of history, the epoch-making heroes who give a soul to the pictured past. We all have a special interest in by-gone times. Indeed, the past might be called a fountain of rarest delights. Without it life would lose half its charm; without it a nation would lose half its vitality. Fit only for

corruption and dissolution is that nation which has a past and does not glory in it. A people is great inasmuch as it cherishes reverently the memorable events in its history. We Americans are great because we are patriotic, and patriotism is the index of prosperity; it is the worthy parent of all that contributes to the glory and earthly immortality of nations.

Impelled by this laudable motive every people points proudly to its past, eulogizing its soldiers, orators and statesmen by glorifying the works they have accomplished. Befittingly, then, might we too look to our country's past, proud of our ancestry, proud of our inheritance, proud of our Republic. With pleasure might we pause for a moment to consider her gradual growth and development, her victories at home when frightful civil strife threatened dissolution, the respect and esteem in which she is held abroad, the loyalty of her citizens, and the stability and grandeur of her government. For in truth, not one nation under the starry heavens can point to a past more illustrious and more patriotic. She pictures on her banner, not the lion, nor simply the arrows and the eagle, but the firmament itself; and as the welkin lights above look down on every land, so, too, the influence of her laws and institutions shall be felt to the ends of the earth.

But, after all, to rehearse those facts of history which you know most thoroughly would be to no avail; rather let us dwell upon certain incidents which especially concern the formation of a central, national American government.

Our Union, as it stands to-day, is not so much the handiwork of a willing people as it is the creature of necessity. Not so great or so powerful is the determination and strength of those who contend against its existence as is the force of circumstances and the will of God. The position of the country, geographically, the railroad and telegraph and newspaper, our national characteristics, patriotism, and the natural dependence of one part of the country upon the other, are bonds that hold the States together in our own day, and seem most strongly to indicate the necessity of union. Through united effort alone could the thirteen original colonies win their freedom; and circumstances so conspired that when victory had been achieved disunion was practically impossible. Providentially they had been as one nation under Parliament and the Georges. England was to them like a mother country. But if, indeed, kindred interests in that mother country made them as one, kindred grievances exercised an influence no less common; for even though

* Oration delivered at the Oratorical Contest, June 7.

loyal to the crown, yet the necessity of proclaiming their rights detracted greatly from the fervor of that love naturally entertained for the land of their fathers. Still with all their ill-feeling toward their oppressors, the colonies never attacked the problem single-handed. And what is more, a long time elapsed before they began seriously to consider the question of total separation. Independence was looked upon only as a last resort and a terrible means to a desirable end. It was only after many years of threats, mingled with persevering prayers, and stubbornness allied with the hopes of reconciliation, that necessity compelled them to rebel. It was only when they realized that petitions were of no avail, and justice was merged into tyranny, that in cool determination they met, to stand together or to fall together. They were a people, one in blood, in language, in government and in love of liberty; and when for the common weal they stood arrayed against the common foe, claiming and maintaining their independence as a nation, they did so in defense of principles which were dearer to them than life itself:

Those were the men God led to battle,
Inspired with courage for the ills they braved;
Those were the men who won our freedom,
And left one flag where many might have waved.

The successful issue of that great war makes us feel grateful to the victors. But let us look to it that our feelings are not over-wrought. Let us not presume to claim what is not our due. Pride and patriotism, like all things else, have their proper sphere; and we Americans, though not prone to haughtiness, love to praise and to be praised, perhaps in the extreme. Whatever gratifies our vanity seems to receive our approbation. Truth is not always an essential to the story of triumph; admiration is blind; praise is a child that plays with toys. So, too, might we look back upon the revolutionary period, and in our patriotic enthusiasm ascribe solely to Washington and his persevering soldiers the glory of complete triumph. But would it be too much to say that victory was somewhat providential? Is the unprejudiced American—and we all deserve the title—is the unprejudiced American so sensitive that he will not consider the question? For it seems to me that Washington's success depended to a great extent upon the cramped condition of his foe and the assistance which he received from foreign powers. Now, honestly, are we to give no credit to the French, whose king was the first to recognize us as a nation, and send clothing and money to our half-famished armies? Are Kosciusko and Pulaski to be forgotten?

Are we to deprive our country's father of his loyal brother LaFayette? Shall we selfishly attribute the glory of victory to the colonists alone when their one enemy had to battle against the intrigues of Denmark, Sweden and northern Russia, clash against the hostile arms of Holland, Spain and France, and at the same time furnish Cornwallis a sufficient number of men to wage a mighty war on American shores three thousand miles away? I repeat it, shall we selfishly attribute the glory of victory to the colonists alone? And yet do not think that I wish to minimize the glory due to Washington; for neither Alexander nor Napoleon Bonaparte was a greater man. It is true, they were superior in military craft and more ardent admirers of the pagan god, Ambition, still they demanded the whole world in reward for their services when, indeed, they had not proven themselves worthy of the crown which Washington in his manly magnanimity refused.

Thus it was that circumstances affected the Revolution and happily aided our forefathers in the hour of danger. The same cause had made them one in arms, one in patriotism—one nation in the eyes of the world. But the newly-formed government was not as it now is. The Constitution was not yet ratified. A so-called Congress held the highest authority granted by the people, but 'twas in reality only the semblance of authority; for Congress freely admitted it had not the power to enforce any of its laws. The spirit of disunion and state sovereignty clearly asserted itself; insurrection and acts of lawlessness were of frequent occurrence; yea, even open civil war was complacently burnishing its steel. But here again circumstances prevailed over the tendencies of the people. The deplorable condition of affairs was owing entirely to the lack of authority in the central government, and plainly evinced the necessity of union before peace and happiness could be restored. Trade and commerce were in constant peril; treaties with foreign nations were broken; England was still in possession of many important posts which had been ceded to the colonies; Spain strenuously prevented navigation on the Mississippi, while hostile tribes of Indians repeatedly committed depredations on the western frontier. United action had become a necessity. Smarting under the stinging lashes of humiliation, conscious of violence offered to the nation and insult to the nation's flag, Congress besought the people to awake to a sense of duty and take immediate measures both for the welfare of individual and State and for the enforcement

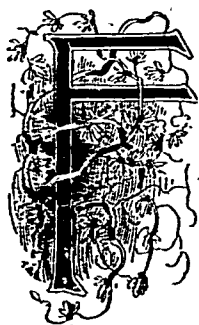
of respect for the laws. The colonies came together, did their duty, and left a constitution marvellous to behold.

Nor have there been wanting opportunities to try the strength of that Constitution. It had its hour of trial. No need is there to mention the causes which summoned its loyal defenders to arms; no need to tell of that dreadful fight which almost rent our flag! Undaunted the Union has met its most powerful foes. Before the force of arms or the insidious attacks of master logicians it has never quailed.

The great civil war is over. But the history of nations is the history of armed conflict; and judging by the past, as the phrase has it, I might ask: Can we reasonably expect that for centuries to come our Republic shall be a standard exception to the rule, that for centuries it shall be "lapped in universal peace"? I think not. Crafty leaders of men shall arise and do their utmost to satiate their thirst for conquest; mistakes in government may be made; an increased usurpation of State rights may yet tend to retard the onward march of American progress; and, what is most to be dreaded, centralized capital has ample time to wave its red flag in the arena of socialism and madden an irritable, penniless populace. But for all that, we can feel confident that the Union shall emerge from the smoke of future warfare victorious and unimpaired; for as God has insured our national existence, and guided the hand of justice in our days of darkest civil strife, we may depend upon Him for the preservation of our Union so long as we continue to be a religious people, and stand before Him with no breach of faith to shame us—with no stain upon our flag.

Liberty or Serfdom?*

BY ALBERT E. DACY, '93.



FROM the annals of history we may learn what every government has done for mankind. Nation after nation has arisen from obscurity, ascended the stage in the great theatre of the world, acted the tragedy of Shakspeare's "Seven Ages," handed the torch of human progress to a rising aspirant, made its exit and again sunk into oblivion. Not, however, until some characteristic vestige was left to perpetuate its memory. By these

emblematic records we are enabled to study the phases of every nation's civilization. Egypt lives in the symmetry of her pyramids, obelisks and temples; Greece in the beauty of her architecture, the genius of her poets and the eloquence of her orators; Rome is remembered not by the extent of her dominions, nor in the centuries or her rule, but by the valor of her soldiers, the talents of her generals and the wisdom of her lawgivers; Germany presented the world with her unprecedented example of perseverance and frugality; France gave a literature which has made the age of iron an age of gold; England has elicited the epithet "Modern Carthage" for her industrial and commercial activity; but it remained for America to shorten the gap between the rich and poor; to raise man to that dignity of station which Heaven had destined him to fill; and to bring into existence a government which grants political liberty to all men alike.

The desire for political liberty is coeval with creation. On his entrance into the world this craving was implanted in man's breast. Generation after generation has since received it as a heritage. Millions of bleeding sires have bequeathed it to their enslaved sons. Continually gnawing at man's heart-strings it has inspired an unceasing conflict between throne and people. As the thirteenth century dawned upon the world's history years of dormant thunder roared louder and louder. The ominous clouds of dissatisfaction and revolt, which had hung over England's despotic kings for centuries, fell lower and lower, until, with a crash, they burst on the field of Runnymede. In battle array the sturdy barons proclaimed the inalienable rights of man as their war-cry; dumfounded tyranny granted Magna Charta, and the constitutional liberties of England were won.

Safely stored in the *Mayflower*, the germs of this first great victory for human rights were carried across the storm-tossed Atlantic and planted in the virgin soil of America. Nation destroyers stood abashed by the tenderness with which liberty's infancy was nurtured in this western wilderness. When despotism thrust her aside, how eagerly did our forefathers clasp her to their bosoms! how anxiously did they watch her development! how heroically did they preserve her life! With the martyr's spirit, the crusader's enthusiasm and the soldier's valor they underwent the severest hardships for her progression, and embraced the most appalling dangers in her defence. Neither the ravenous beasts of the forest, nor the ferocious savages of the desert, nor the stinging tortures of priva-

* Oration delivered at the Oratorical Contest, June 7.

tion could quench their fervor. Thousands of their ancestors' graves, innumerable massacres and years of suffering and persecution had impressed upon them the determination to wring their liberty from arbitrary power. This was their one thought, their one desire, their only ambition. Its dazzling rays illuminated the darkness of a joyful future; and tyranny saw that he might as well attempt to check the Mississippi, or hurl the Alleghanies into the ocean, as to try to erase it from their patriotic minds.

When the despotic exactions of England became unbearable, when the colonists were denied representation in Parliament, when they were threatened with the condition of feudal serfs, the farmer's shot at Lexington was fired; soon followed by the signing of the Declaration of Independence. With wisdom inspired of God our forefathers solved the problem of ages. At last the privileges of caste were shattered. They proclaimed this simplest but sublimest of political truths: "All men are created free and equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." These are the enlivening words that America sent to the oppressed of foreign lands to cheer, to bless and to give hope to the down-trodden. Sweeter than music to the hearts hungering for freedom came this message as it announced the existence of a new asylum for the persecuted, a refuge where birth counts for naught, a haven where every man is considered the equal of his fellow.

The realization of this idea cost blood and treasure. A ghastly tide of desolation rolled over the land, filling the air with the groans of dying soldiers, bathing the soil with the tears of heart-broken widows and orphans, and drenching the earth with noble blood. After six long, dreary years of barbarous slaughter God set the crown of victory on the side of liberty and nationality. Thus did the Revolutionary Fathers perform their mission. Oh! what a joy must it be to them now if they know that their monument is the purest, firmest, freest government in the world, inscribed with the epitaph: "All men are created free and equal." Oh! what grateful anthems should we sing in their praise; what invocations should ascend to heaven in their behalf! For they first broke open the door of the dungeon where imprisoned liberty had resided for centuries. They led her forth, placed her on a throne, and gave her as a sceptre the brotherhood of mankind.

Under their benign influence our tree of liberty grew from a slender twig to a giant in

the grove of nations. The Constitution sank its roots deep into the earth. The Declaration raised its top to the sky. Its branches became the boundaries of America; its form gladdened all who gazed upon it; its foliage sheltered the persecuted of all climes; its fruit instilled new hope into the subjects of fallen despotisms, and its seed gradually took root in every soil. From childhood passed as a halting confederacy, America, soon one of the nations of the world, enjoys robust and buoyant youth. She fosters letters, diffuses intelligence, and makes industry a science. Prosperity's wind strikes her sails, driving her ships upon every sea, carrying her products to every port, and bearing her forward with fabulous celerity. Cities teeming with enterprise everywhere dot her borders. The hum of industry is the martial music which *now* echoes and re-echoes through the land, cheering her sons onward as they subjugate and make slaves of the forces of nature.

Yet in the moment of her glory, while she was still breathing victory's exhilarating air, that serpent which crawled into Eden's garden began to strike his poisonous fangs into the heart of American liberty. Simultaneously with our enormous influx of foreign population did his hideous countenance appear. In our revolutionary days some of the mightiest blows for freedom were struck by European hands. In our onward march to perfection in governmental matters citizens of foreign parentage have played a conspicuous part. But of late years America has been made the receptacle for the undesirable element of foreign population. Coming from despotic countries many of these immigrants have been taught to regard "all government with enmity and all law with loathing." They bring with them their incongruous ideas which are the fruit of ages of oppression, and expect to establish them in this country. Animated by an insane desire to destroy, and having failed to overthrow the czar or sultan, they have chosen America as a new field of labor. They hate our government, despise our free institutions and look with contempt upon all authority. Their leaders boldly proclaim that they came here not to enjoy the blessings of liberty, but to destroy our government, subvert our free institutions, excite hatred and discontent among our working classes, divide our property, and annihilate our political liberty by establishing a licentiousness of their own. But their idea of liberty is a chimera never to be realized. The moment society attempts its inauguration that moment we begin to retrograde. They are sow-

ing the seeds of bitterness and discontent in the minds of our working classes as a preparation for revolution—a revolution which, if successful, will destroy all government, and place our country as it was when the savage roamed the field and forest and maintained his reign by force.

Working on the poor man's envy of the rich, their leaders are inflaming our laboring people with a spirit of revolt. In nearly every part of Europe their agents are busy enlisting and shipping to America the most vicious and depraved element of humanity. Because the invaders do not land with military accoutrements the intrusion is unnoticed. But the vice, dissatisfaction and crime they distribute is more to be feared than "dynamite bombs." Socialists, nihilists and anarchists are daily gaining strength. Their organization is for a common purpose. Universal suffrage gives them the same political rights as our most intelligent citizens. By the votes given their candidates we estimate their strength. Like the subdued roar of an avalanche, they are steadily advancing. With giant strides they are nearing the culmination. If their stupendous march be not checked, the day *may* soon dawn when they will have to hoist but one signal, to kindle but one torch, to give but a single bugle call to blot out the orgies of the French Revolution.

In mythology we read how the old god Saturn was accustomed to devour his children as soon as they were born. However, one, named Jupiter, escaped his father's murderous hand until he had attained strength enough to vanquish him. America has thus far been able to surmount all dangers threatening her annihilation. But let her beware! Let her check the growth of her modern Jupiter; for if the revolution now hovering over her ever breaks out this fabulous story will have a new sequence.

If that dread day shall ever come when the skies darken, the winds roar, the lightnings flash, the storm falls, the waves dash high, and the staunch "ship of state" rocks and moans with the pangs of desertion, then the words spoken by Cæsar, as he viewed the battlefield of Pharsalia, may be applied to Americans—"They would have it so." When the battlefield is covered with the dead and dying, and the shrieks of the wounded fill the air, when rebellion is wafted on every breeze, when father-killing, mother-depressing, heart-breaking, home-destroying Mars—"the plunderer of the rich, the spoiler of the poor"—drives his ebon chariot upon his remorseless mission, when anarchy comes down and takes the reins, then,

when it is too late, will we see that this great experiment of a free government has failed; then will we hear the knell of the Union tolling; then, as they pass Mount Vernon, will the steamers ring out the "requiem of American liberty." Then will our forefathers cry out: "O ungrateful posterity! Have you forgotten our lives spent for your happiness? Is this the way you cherish the legacy we bequeathed to you? Alas! we realize that we fought, bled and died in vain." Then will our children exclaim: "O America! hailed once as the asylum of the oppressed, once consecrated to liberty, once a name pronounced with tears of joy and hope, now a by-word among the nations, the scorn of the very subjects of despotism, how art thou fallen, morning star of freedom!" Oh! if that fatal day shall ever come when this government—instituted by the wisest statesmen that ever lived, and sustained by the bravest patriots that ever died—is overthrown, may Heaven blind those sacred eyes—the eyes of Washington and Lincoln that ever follow the destiny of their country—lest they gaze on so mournful a scene. May posterity blush at the mention of our name! May the *curse* of the revolutionary fathers rest upon our memory! May a like disaster which befell Pompeii and Herculæneum erase the name America from the globe!

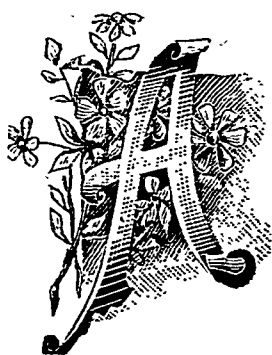
History tells us if that day ever dawns it will be a deadly one. Ancient democracies have fallen in similar struggles. Is the name America to be added to the list? A thousand times *No!* Shall there be another celebration of Washington and the Constitution? *Yes.* This house of ours must live. There is room in America for but *one* flag, the Stars and Stripes, honored on every sea under heaven; *the red must be crushed.* This is neither a republic of Mammon nor Anarchy. And by the blood of Lexington and Bunker Hill it shall not be. As Hercules overpowered Cerberus, the three-headed demon of Hades, so must we conquer this triple monster of nihilism, socialism and anarchy.

We must guard our ports and examine our future guests more closely. We must elevate the laboring man to a higher religious, ethical and intellectual standard. We must make our working classes one solid fabric of intelligence, so that they will spurn the teachings of revolution, so that all their deeds will be actuated by the motto: "Do unto others as you would be done by." When this education is given we shall have performed our mission with as great devotedness as our forefathers

fulfilled theirs. Then shall we have earned the benediction of a grateful posterity. Even now millions of pleading voices may be heard coming forth from the serried ranks of future generations, saying: "Waste your treasures and your armies if you will; raze your fortifications to the ground; sink your navies into the sea; transmit to us a dishonored name if you must; but the soil you hold in trust for us, give it to us free. You found it free and conquered it to extend a surer and a better freedom over it. Whatever choice you have made for yourselves let us have no partial freedom; let us all be free; let the reversion of your broad domain descend to us unincumbered and free from the calamities and from the sorrows of social degradation."

James G. Blaine.*

BY JAMES J. MAULIFF, '93.



ABOUT six months ago the world heard, with a deep though quiet sadness, that a man whom all held in veneration had passed to his last account, that another star had fallen from the firmament of public men, that the lustre of a name which deserves to rank with the greatest of our country was momentarily dimmed by death, only to shine the brighter in the grateful memory of all true Americans. In the winter of the year this glorious country of ours, on which to-day the eyes of the civilized world are centred, was called upon to deplore the loss of one in the winter of his life; one who represented the finest type of manhood our great Republic has ever produced; one who for an entire generation had enjoyed some of the highest honors that a grateful people could bestow upon him; one who was endeared to thousands of his fellow-citizens by the tenderest ties of friendship, and who had gained the admiration of all, irrespective of party or policy, by the magnanimity of his nature and the greatness of his genius,—the matchless debater, the brilliant orator, the peerless statesman—America's greatest American—James Gillespie Blaine.

Since the time of the martyred Lincoln, the death of no one has caused deeper or more

universal sorrow. In Congress the outburst of sympathy with the bereaved family was heartfelt and spontaneous. The antagonism of debate was hushed. The echoes of party conflict died away.

In his loss the nation mourned both the man and the official. He was one of those noble, self-reliant types of manhood, possessing in an eminent degree all the characteristics of a true patriot. He realized that labor was the only talisman of success. He ate no idle bread; he threw away no passing moment of his time.

Springing from the ranks of the people; with nothing to rely upon but his stout heart and towering intellect, he breasted the stormy sea of political strife; but he was neither unarmed nor ill-equipped for the contest. Not his the fate to be bruised and battered in unequal conflict with older veterans of statecraft. From obscurity and poverty he soon rose to fame and eminence, proving to the world that failure is not the destiny of one every fibre of whose soul is inspired with the golden truth that "In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for bright manhood, there is no such word as 'Fail.'"

He was a prodigy of intellectual activity, a miracle of mental energy. The pomp and circumstances of glorious war were not for him. His weapon was mightier than the sword, his arena grander than the stricken field with its mangled dead and dying thousands. His triumphs were sublimer than crested leader ever won; they were the beneficent but bloodless victories of peace. In them he laid the broad foundation of a frame that will endure, when storied urn and monumental marble shall have passed away.

His devotion to public interest, his marked ability, his exalted patriotism have won for him the affection and gratitude of his countrymen and the admiration of the world. In the varied pursuits of legislation, diplomacy and literature, his genius has added new lustre to American citizenship.

The Senate and the House of Representatives were the scenes of Mr. Blaine's active political life. Here it was that the tones of his ringing eloquence were heard in defense of American rights and principles. Here it was that he won his laurels and achieved his early triumphs! Inspired with an intense love of liberty—inherited from ancestors whose blood had been shed for its preservation—he sympathized profoundly with manhood struggling for their rights whether here, in Ireland or elsewhere. His eloquent speeches in favor of Home Rule, and his ceaseless and untiring efforts for the

* Oration delivered at the Oratorical Contest, June 7.

liberation of Costello and his fellow Fenians, unjustly confined in English prisons, are evidences of his loyalty to those who fight for freedom from the clutch of tyranny. That "Grand Old Man," that venerable octogenarian, William Ewart Gladstone, had no nobler assistant in the two hemispheres in that battle for which he has sacrificed the ease of his declining years, than James G. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine's life is one of the most interesting in the history of our country. At the early age of twenty-four we find him editor of the *Kennebec Journal*—a pursuit to which his versatile genius and trenchant style peculiarly adapted him. He was soon, however, diverted from the arduous and exacting labors of journalism, and he sought the more congenial field of politics. At twenty-eight he was elected to the State Legislature, and he remained a member through successive annual elections for four years, serving the last two as speaker. At the opening of the Civil War he entered the Lower House of Congress. No other forum could have suited his taste better, or have been more precisely adapted to his talents. On entering the House of Representatives he immediately took a conspicuous position among the most prominent members of that distinguished body; and for a period almost equal to the average life of a generation his reputation for all the qualities that make a statesman was constantly on the increase. There, amid the most memorable and exciting scenes in the parliamentary history of our government, he found frequent occasions for the exercise of the varied faculties of his extraordinary intellect and for the exhibition of his inexhaustible stores of information. There his remarkable character appeared like a diamond of the purest water, emitting a blaze of iridescent splendor. There its manifold features were presented in the clearest light, and there alone can they be considered in the rich glow of their beauty.

Mr. Blaine's first great speech was his argument in favor of the assumption of the State War Debt by the General Government and in demonstration of the ability of the North to carry the war to a successful conclusion. The masterly way in which he handled the theme caused the entire North to draw a long breath of relief, and "inspired all with new courage and brighter hopes." He was prominent in all discussions relating to reconstruction, and had the satisfaction of securing the adoption of his views, though opposed to those of that great leader, Thaddeus Stevens. He advocated the 13th and 14th Amendments to the Constitution, and

was largely instrumental in making them parts of the fundamental law of the land. There never was a more splendid arena than the House for such an intellectual gladiator as Mr. Blaine; and never in the history of the world did champion win and wear more glorious laurels than did he. In the Senate he was the peer of Morton, Conkling, Carpenter, Edwards, and Thurman, and in many respects superior to any of them. For six years he was speaker of the Lower House, and the only presiding officer who approached him in knowledge of parliamentary law was Henry Clay. The speeches which he made in the Senate, and in which he took the most pride, were those on "The Remonetization of Silver," "The Halifax Award," "Trade with South America," "Southern Abuse of the Elective Franchise," "Revival of the Merchant Marine," "National Sovereignty," and "Negro Enfranchisement." Such, in brief, was the legislative career of this remarkable man—a man who has left the impress of his individuality on the age in which he lived.

While Mr. Blaine's progress through life was ever onward and upward, he was not exempt from the bitter cup of enmity which has pressed the lips of every man who has towered, great and conspicuous, above his fellows. He could no more escape becoming a target of partisan malice than could Washington, Hamilton, Grant, or Gladstone. Extraordinary services to their country, splendid talents, and a devoted following saved none of these men, nor could they save him.

His aspirations for higher honors were frequently sacrificed, even by men of his own party, in order that mediocrity might climb to power. History, in adding his name to those of Webster and of Clay, will emphasize to both the impossibilities of greatness and the ingratitude of republics.

As a statesman he proved himself worthy to be ranked with the ablest of our age—with England's greatest Premier, "the Grand Old Man"; with Bismarck, "the Iron Chancellor" of Germany, and with the venerable Pontiff of the Tiber, Leo XIII. In diplomacy he is without a peer. He possessed the integrity and prudence of Washington, the profound wisdom of Hamilton, the eloquence of Webster, and the scholarship of Clay. His course in Congress foreshadowed his policy as Secretary of State. His generous and enthusiastic championship of the rights of American citizens, his earnest advocacy of closer relations with our sister republics of South America, his steadfast adherence to the

Monroe Doctrine, and his intense Americanism, illustrated in his speeches in both houses of Congress, were all sure to be emphasized in the Cabinet. He saw at once that the civil upheavals in Central and South America threatened to destroy our commercial relations with those countries. His plan of holding in Washington a Peace Congress of the several republics was, however, interrupted by the death of his Chief, President Garfield, and by his own resignation of office. Congress, nevertheless, took up the work; and, before he became again Secretary of State, such legislation had been enacted as rendered him able to call together the conference which he had conceived during his first term of office.

It was due to Mr. Blaine more than to any other man that the Samoan affair was amicably settled, and our relations with Germany peaceably adjusted. Our serious complications with Italy after the New Orleans' riot are too recent to require mention here. The firm stand which Mr. Blaine took in this matter is evidence of his unswerving patriotism and of his marked ability as a diplomat. Since the day on which the first gun was fired at Fort Sumpter, our country has not been thrown into such warlike convulsions as it was when the news came speeding over the wires that American sailors had been insulted, outraged and murdered in Chili. Again, the masterful hand of the illustrious statesman was felt at the helm, and again the ship of state rode serenely the calm sea of prosperity.

The last eventful act in Mr. Blaine's diplomatic career was the consideration of the difficulty with Great Britain over the Seal Fisheries. The correspondence between Mr. Blaine and Lord Salisbury shows that our Secretary of State was a master of statescraft, able to cope successfully with the best of the trained diplomats of England. It was not the brilliancy of his genius, however, by which this great man was most endeared to those who knew and loved him best. It was the milder glow of those gentle virtues which lit up his private character with the soft glow of the morning sun. No tender plea for the sake of sweet charity ever met his ear, whether from the humble beggar on the street, or the promoters of laudable works of public benefaction, but his purse was instantly opened and his most active sympathy immediately enlisted.

All evil and unkind allusions in disparagement of others were as foreign to his habit as they were repulsive to his nature. He sought for the welfare of others, and in so doing found

his own. The beautiful example of this illustrious man, and the influence of his noble life, will shine for ages to come on the path of his countrymen to cheer and encourage those who are struggling with adversity, and to guide America's public men from the narrow ways of partisanship and sectionalism to higher, nobler and broader statesmanship. Such characters as his have always been admired and will always command respect and homage. He was an example worthy of imitation by the youth of the land. His life illustrates the possibilities which, under our form of government, lie within the reach of the humblest. The history of his gradual rise to fame, fortune and position is but the repetition of the history of the lives of many of the illustrious men of our country. Such experiences as his are more valuable to prepare men for great emergencies, to qualify them to control great enterprises, and to fill responsible public positions than all the aids of birth, fortune and influential friends.

The Commencement.

The handsomest commencement invitation that ever reached this office comes to us from Notre Dame University, near South Bend, Ind. It represents Columbus on the deck of his vessel just coming in sight of land, with the main building of the University on the newly-discovered *terra firma*. It is printed in a deep, soft green, and is a work of art. The splendid college at Notre Dame is under the control of Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., a man who unites with profound acquirements the noblest Christian graces and every quality that exalts human character. His many assistants are all princely men, whose ripe work, like a life-giving river, flows out through the world, benefiting, gladdening, refreshing society in our own and other lands. Commencement at Notre Dame this year will take place June 20, beginning at 8.30 a. m.—*The Grass Lake (Mich.) News*.

The Vandalia Line.

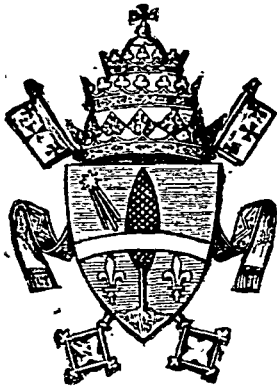
Taking effect Monday, June 12, 1893, the Vandalia Line will run daily, except Sunday, fast trains 55 and 56 between Terre Haute and St. Joseph. During past seasons these trains have found great favor with the travelling public, and this announcement, therefore, will be received as a bit of good news. These trains will run about as they did last year, viz., leave Terre Haute 1 p. m., arrive at St. Joseph, Mich., 7.30 p. m., leave St. Joseph 2.40 p. m., arrive at Terre Haute 9.45 p. m. For complete schedule of Vandalia Line trains address any ticket agent of that line, or Charles M. Wheeler, Traveling Passenger Agent, Terre Haute, Ind.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 10, 1893.

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HOC

NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ UNIVERSITATEM

PRIMUM VISITANTI

FÆDERATORUM STATUUM IN SEPTENTRIONALI AMERICA

DELEGATO APOSTOLICO

M. ac R. R. Francisco Satolli, D. D.

LEPANTI ARCHIEP.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

SUPRADICTÆ UNIVERSITATIS

PRÆSES, PROFESSORES ET ALUMNI

ADMIRATIONIS, VENERATIONIS ATQUE PIETATIS

EXIMIUM PIGNUS

GRATISSIMO CORDE ANIMOQUE VOLENTI

OBTULERUNT.

ILLUSTRISIME AC

REVERENDISIME PATER :

UR blanda volucres campos dulcedine complent ?
Cur lætis nostre resonant concentibus ædes ?
Ænea cur liquidas reboant campana per auras ?
Cur hilaris juvenum facies ridere videtur ?
Fundere cur nitidos gaudet natura colores,
Arboribusque comas, redolent et gramine flores ?
Num quia finis adest anni durique laboris
Premia prospiciunt feriataque tempora alumni ?
An quia magnus ades Præsul vultusque sereno
Lumine lætificas, Pastor clarissime, grati
Dulcia gestimus testari gaudia cordis ?
O utinam meritas possim persolvere grates,
Teque tuasque pia virtutes dicere voce !
Verba licet tanto minime sint præsule digna,
Pontificis Summi laudes audire juvabit,
Ignoscesque tuum Papæ conjungere nomen.

Ut Leo Magnus placido furentem
Attilam vultu domuit, procellas
Sic Leo Victor rabidas utroque
Sedat in orbe.

"Lumen in cœlo" nitidum vocatus,
Lumen in terris oritur benignum,
Et gigas sacro calamo superbos
Obruit hostes.

Quid quod humanæ rationis usum
Vindicat Doctor, sapiensque regum
Arbiter factus populi Deique
Jura tuctur ?

Quid quod ætatem superat Leonis
Alta mens, vultu genius nitescit,
Fronte majestas, etiam catenis
Papa triumphat ?

Quid quod et Pastor vigilans ubique
Conspicit, Christique ovium saluti
Consulens nusquam teneros impetus
Negligit agnos ?

Hunc quidem in nostra regione habemus,
Qui vices Papæ teneat, supremos
Judicet casus solidæque firmet
Munera pacis.

Hic vir hic est quem pietate clarum
Novimus, lingua celebrem Latina,
Quemque divinæ Fidei magistrum
Roma salutat.

Te novo cives venerantur orbe,
Quod scholarum tu fueris patronus :
Dant tibi gratum pueri ac parentes
Pignus amoris.

Ut diu inter nos mancas precamur,
Quippe qui multos facies amicos,
Ac brevi fructus referes laboris,
Optime Pastor.

Visit of the Most Rev. Mgr. Satolli, D. D.



NOTRE DAME was in holiday attire on Tuesday last, on the occasion of the visit of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli. And the reception accorded him was characterized by all the warmth and splendor that a great institution can bestow upon an honored visitor and guest. The University of Notre Dame, beautiful at any time, but more beautiful in the rich verdure of the early June, was for the occasion further decked out, with its various buildings resplendent in a gorgeous array of banners and bunting, in which mingled in the profusion of abundance College Colors, Papal Colors, United States flags, streamers, and all nestling beneath a sky as clear, and stirred by a breeze as soft as might have vied with even "Sunny Italy."

Mgr. Satolli left Chicago on the eight o'clock

a. m. fast train on the L. S. & M. S. RR., accompanied by the Rev. Thomas Moreschini, O. S., Rev. P. A. De Paradis, of Chicago; Mr. E. A. Mason, Secretary to His Excellency, and Prof. J. F. Edwards, of the University. On their arrival at South Bend they were met by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, C. S. C., and Rev. President Walsh. Carriages were in waiting, and soon the distinguished party were on their way to Notre Dame. As the vehicles turned up the broad avenue leading to the University grounds they were met by the military companies, in full uniform and accoutrements, led by the College Band. A procession was then formed as an escort of honor to the eminent prelate, and produced a brilliant and imposing effect as it marched along to the martial strains of the band, while cheers and acclamations from the students greeted the Most Rev. delegate as the carriages drew up near the main building.

After a visit to the church Mgr. Satolli was escorted to the residence of Very Rev. Father General, where apartments had been prepared for him and where he greeted the venerable Founder of Notre Dame most cordially.

It was, indeed, a touching sight to witness the meeting of these two men, each eminent, each crowned with well-won honors, each of originally keen mind; but one old in years and feeble in health, the other in the full rich bloom of his manly vigor. One standing high in the immediate favor of a power older and mightier than any dynasty; the other—working in a land remote from the common master—has been the spirit and guiding genius in the founding of an institution an honor to himself and to the age in which he lives.

Alma Mater te salutat, Eminentissime Presul! was written in raised letters above the main entrance. And so it was. The parterre below swarmed with enthusiastic spectators. The military companies were manœuvring. The band playing and the bells pealing away, joyfully, solemnly. The "Soldier Boys," already famous for their military bearing won, new laurels. The band played with a harmony and sweetness new even to them.

Everybody was interested and in good humor—enthusiastic and joyful in the highest degree. Italy's skies are soft, Italy's fields are fair, and Italian friendship warm and full; but it is to be doubted if a distinguished Prelate, at home or abroad, ever received a more spontaneous or deeper welcome than Mgr. Satolli received at Notre Dame.

At twelve o'clock dinner was served in the Senior dining-room which had been elegantly

adorned for the occasion. Festoons and wreaths in the American, papal and college colors entwined the pillars and draped the ceilings and windows, interspersed with appropriate mottoes expressive of Notre Dame's hearty welcome to His Excellency and admiration for the talent, zeal and piety with which he fulfils the responsible duties of his exalted position.

After the repast an informal reception was held in the college parlors when the members of the Faculty were presented to His Excellency and some time spent in agreeable conversation.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

In the evening the students and many visitors from South Bend and Chicago assembled in Washington Hall to greet the Most Reverend Archbishop. Promptly at 7.30, Rev. President Walsh and the Faculty escorted His Excellency to the place of honor in the centre of the Hall. A very touching and beautiful scene was here witnessed. Very Rev. Father General Sorin was a little late in arriving, and the Monsignor on seeing him enter arose and walked rapidly to the door and assisted our venerable Founder to the seat at his right. This spontaneous act of courtesy to the venerable Superior revealed the noble heart of the eminent representative of the Holy Father, and was greeted with prolonged applause by the large and enthusiastic audience.

The orchestra then opened the first part of the programme with "La Traviata," which was especially well rendered, and the credit due the young musicians and their leader, Professor Paul, is not small. The Choral Union, under the direction of Prof. F. J. Liscombe, were in excellent voice and gave "O Italia!" very creditably. "Estudiantina" was sung by the Orpheus Club in a manner characteristic of that society. This piece scored a success.

Mr. Ernest DuBrul, '93, read, with correctness and taste, the address in Latin, which appears entire at the beginning of this report. The address itself was the most beautiful ever given at Notre Dame. And one to equal it in beauty, in exquisiteness and yet in simplicity would be very hard to find. Letters of a clear type were printed on the best white silk; the front page had received the finest touches of the master artist Gregori, and the fringe on all sides was of purest gold, while gold and jewelled cords, as tassels, hung from the two upper corners, making the whole a perfect gem.

Mr. H. Lamar Monarch, '93, read a poem in English, and his delivery was very good. Somewhat like the address the poem was printed on finest silk and decorated with oil-painting and

gold. The orchestra closed the first part of the programme.

Next was the first scene of the third act of "William Tell." To speak of this is unnecessary, as it would be but repeating the praise which was printed last February when the whole play was produced by the Thespians. It suffices to mention the *dramatis personæ* of this scene as given in the following

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

Grand Selection—"La Traviata".....Verdi
University Orchestra.
Chorus—"O Italia, Italia Beloved!".....Donizetti
Choral Union.
Latin Address.....E. F. DuBrul, '93
"Estudiantina,"—Spanish Students' Song.....Lacome
Orpheus Club.
Poem.....H. L. Monarch, '93.
Selection—"Maritana".....Wallace
University Orchestra.

PART II.

SCENE FROM "WILLIAM TELL."

Dramatis Personæ.

William Tell.....H. L. Monarch, '93
Gesler.....M. A. Quinlan, '93
Sarnem.....E. F. DuBrul, '93
Albert.....G. P. McGarrick
Verni.....J. J. Fitzgerald, '93
Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, Peasants, etc.

After the curtain had fallen His Excellency arose and addressed the audience in Latin. He spoke eloquently upon the advantages of education, characterizing the love which His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., bears towards such institutions of learning as Notre Dame. He had high words of praise for the grand work accomplished by Very Rev. Father Sorin and his noble band of religious; he admired the grandeur and extent of Notre Dame, and exhorted the students to profit by the golden opportunities placed within their reach.

After the entertainment supper was served in the refectory of the Presbytery, which was handsomely illuminated and decorated in honor of the distinguished guest.

* *

Wednesday morning at six o'clock Mgr. Satolli celebrated Mass in the college church which was well filled with the members of the Community and the students. After Mass His Excellency gave the Papal Benediction to the kneeling throng. When breakfast had been served some time was spent in further inspection of the college buildings, and the eminent prelate was pleased to express his satisfaction and admiration at all he saw. At eleven o'clock he bade good-bye to Notre Dame, carrying with him the best wishes of hearts made glad by his visit, which all hope will be soon repeated.

*

The Oratorical Contest.

During the present scholastic year no public entertainment given thus far has better testified to the excellent work done by the students of Notre Dame than the annual Oratorical Contest which took place in Washington Hall, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Always an attractive event in the catalogue of entertainments given throughout the year, the exercises of last Wednesday evening, no doubt, eclipsed those of a similar kind in former years, which fact reflects great credit on the Professors of Oratory and of Oratorical Composition, and amply rewards the contestants for the assiduous labor and strict attention that they have paid to these most useful branches of a University Course throughout the year.

The exercises of the evening opened with an Overture by the University Orchestra, which was followed by the first oratorical number on the programme, "James G. Blaine," by Mr. James J. McAuliff, '93. Mr. McAuliff could not have chosen a subject more appropriate to the earnestness that characterizes his graceful and persuasive delivery. He treated his hero in a most patriotic manner, reviewing the many acts of statecraft that are day by day placing him in the zenith of statesmen; and illustrated, by many examples of the past, the unquestionable fact that a great man is not fully appreciated in his own day. At the conclusion the speaker received hearty applause for his laudable effort.

Mr. H. Lamar Monarch, '93, chose for his subject "The Spirit of Education." It was a happy selection—one in which the speaker blended his wonderful elocutionary and oratorical powers in a poetic oration so perfectly that it afforded the cultured audience a delightful, intellectual repast. Rapturous applause frequently greeted the speaker. He was followed by a vocal solo by Mr. E. F. DuBrul, '93, which was received so well that he was obliged to respond to an *encore*.

The oration next on the programme was by Mr. A. E. Dacy, '93. His subject was "Liberty or Serfdom?" It is a subject which afforded the speaker immense scope to display his literary accomplishments, and also allowed him to present his oratorical attainments to the best advantage. The oration was replete with brilliant ideas, clothed in harmonious language, and spoken with sincerity.

The last speaker was Mr. M. A. Quinlan, '93. Loud applause characterized his reception, which testified to his popularity. He spoke on

"The Necessity of Union." He pictured the United States in many phases of the past, and showed in plain, smooth language, how necessary religion is for the welfare of a nation. He convinced the audience that the future greatness of our country depends on union, and that union may rightly depend on the high religious standard to which the American people are surely progressing. Amid the loud plaudits of the audience he retired, and the contest was over.

The Very Rev. Chancellor Muldoon, Chicago, the Hon. Judge Prendergast, Chicago, and Mr. C. Fasset, of the *Tribune*, South Bend, Ind., were the judges. They have handed a sealed decision to the Faculty, which will be read on Commencement morning. *Palnam qui meruit, ferat!*

R. C. L.

Local Items.

—FOUND: A sea-bead watch-charm. Owner please call at No. 1, Sorin Hall.

—Wright's victory over Yeager on last Tuesday gave him five successive victories.

—Wonder where Joe is going to spend his vacation after his visit to the World's Fair.

—Mrs. W. F. Ninneman, of Muskegon, visited her son Roy, of St. Edward's Hall, last Sunday.

—Tuesday saw the downfall of the "Lamp-lighters" by the "Moonshiners." Score, 15 to 3.

—"Spike" wants to know if a triple competition means that you will only get three questions to answer.

—The Philopatrians are anxiously looking forward to the picnic which they are to have on Thursday next.

—E. A. McGonigle, of Leavenworth, Kansas, visited his many friends in Sorin and Brownson Halls Wednesday.

—One of the boys informed us that the boat race between the *Minnehaha* and *Evangeline* will be a close finish.

—Mrs. Pim and daughter, Miss Alice Pim, of St. Louis, Mo., spent Sunday at Notre Dame with Master Pim, of Carroll Hall.

—The Very Rev. J. H. Brammer, Administrator of the diocese of Ft. Wayne, was a very welcome visitor to the College on Tuesday.

—An interested spectator was heard to ask why the little short stop was called "Spider," and he was informed by one of the students that he was death on "flies."

—The drill for the gold medal in Co. A is being hotly contested. W. Covert has won three; W. Wilkins two, and T. Curran two. The next drill will be held Sunday morning.

—Judge Prendergast, of Chicago, was most welcome on Wednesday evening. His visit was

too short as he only remained long enough to act as judge at the Oratorical Contest.

—Will "A Somnambulist" kindly send us his name?—not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence, etc. His production is good, but we cannot recognize anonymous contributors.

—The boys wonder why the crew of the *Evangeline* pull so gracefully together, but, on looking at the big Texan, exclaim that they knew that Longfellow had something to do with their gracefulness.

—The Sorin Cadets have held six competitive drills for their grand gold medal. F. Holbrook winning two, L. Thompson one, E. Christ one, C. Girsch one and J. Wilcox one. The final drill will be held Sunday afternoon.

—NOTE.—Through a misunderstanding the name of Mr. M. J. McGarry crept into the report of the Field-Day sports last week. The error is all the more regrettable as an unintentional slight was inflicted upon the gentleman to whom we make the *amende honorable*.

—The series of base-ball games for the championship of St. Edward's Hall commenced Tuesday afternoon, two games being played. Captain Lohner's "Whites" winning one game, and Captain Barrett's "Grays" took the last game. The score of the first game was 14 to 12, while that of the second was 26 to 6.

—We have learned with deep regret of the death of William Hoffman, brother of Louis Hoffman, '76, of Wheeling, W. Va. The sad event occurred at Des Moines, Iowa, on the 20th ult. Numerous friends at Notre Dame extend their heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted relatives. May he rest in peace!

—NOTICE: On account of the World's Fair "Specials," etc., the usual Denver special train for the students will not run this year. Parents and guardians, however, are assured that the authorities will give, as heretofore, particular attention to the safe transportation of the younger students.

—The second nines of Brownson Hall began their series for the championship Tuesday afternoon and played one of the best games ever played here. Several brilliant plays were noticed on both sides. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
GRAYS:—0 0 0 1 0 4 1 0 0=6
WHITES:—1 1 0 1 0 0 0 2 0=5

Batteries: "Whites," Ring and Whitehead; "Grays," Wellington and Moxley.

—The third game of base-ball between the Carroll Specials and the M. L. S. boys resulted in a second victory for the former. Hack knocked a "three-bagger." *Struck out:* by Brown 15; by Durbin 9. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
CARROLL SPECIALS:—1 4 0 7 0 2 0 0 *=14
M. L. S.:—1 0 1 1 1 0 2 2 0=8

—An open-air concert will be given by the Band to-morrow evening—weather permitting. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Inauguration March.....	Cope
Selection from "Carmen up to Date".....	Lutz
Cornet duet—"Polka Alliance".....	Copwell
Selection from "Erminei".....	Jakobowski
Intermezzo—"Orynthia".....	Hume
Waltz—"On the Rhine".....	Kelar Bela
Beauties of Scotland.....	
Star-Spangled Banner.....	

—The lawn tennis tournament for the championship of Brownson Hall ended this week, and F. Barton holds the championship and gold medal. Messrs. Foley, Baldwin and Wilkins withdrew before the tournament was completed. The following are the averages of the players:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	per cent.
F. Barton	21	16	5	.762
D. Monarch	23	12	11	.523
W. Freytag	22	10	12	.478
T. Monarch	30	13	17	.433

—The University Cornet Band gave a grand banquet on Sunday last. The Orpheus Club was hospitably entertained by them, and all went well in merriment and sumptuous feasting. In the evening a grand open-air concert was given by the Band. We congratulate and thank the two musical Clubs on the improvement they have made and for the valuable service they have rendered the literary and dramatic organizations of the University. The University Band is the best Notre Dame has had for years, and the Orpheus Club, though a society of one year's growth, stands upon its own merit and deserves the reputation it has won.

—MOOT-COURT.—The suit of C. G. Connolly against J. B. Stone, which has occupied the attention of Judge Hoynes' court for the past three weeks, was ended Saturday evening, the jury bringing in a verdict of \$1500 for Mr. Connolly. It will be remembered that Connolly sued Stone, who is editor of the South Bend *Herald*, for libel, claiming \$10,000 damages. Connolly was elected to Congress last fall, and after election the *Herald* accused him of using money to obtain his election, and also called him a "thief," etc. The defense claimed that they were justified in making the statement as they had information that he had used money illegally. The lawyers made very forcible arguments for their respective sides. After his Honor's charge the jury retired and returned a verdict for \$1500 in five minutes' time. The lawyers were Messrs. Ragan and Cullen for Mr. Connolly, while Messrs. Coady and Heer represented the *Herald*.

—MILITARY.—The medal to be given in Co. B will not be obtained without many hard tussles. So far the company has had seven drills, and five privates have a drill apiece, while one has two. The order of winning is as follows: Privates Rumely, Finnerty, J. Miller, Sullivan, A. Miller, Klees and Reber. In the near future these men will be taken aside to drill down till one of them has won four drills, and to him the honors will fall. The improvement in this

company is so marked of late that they have been promised a bivouac, which will be enjoyed next Thursday.

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Rev. Chaplain M. J. Regan has the thanks of Co. B for the set-ups on Tuesday. Co. A is also indebted to him for cigars given them on the same day.

—THE PHILOPATRIANS.—The talent of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Association was never better displayed than in the Elocutionary Contest for the society Gold Medal which took place in Washington Hall on the 1st of June at one o'clock. The interesting programme was varied by the duet "Whispering Hope," by Messrs. A. Coolidge and C. McPhee, and a song by Master E. Coolidge. While all who took part in the exercises merit much praise for their excellent efforts, the palm is to be given to the two young men, Masters E. Jones and G. McCarrick, who certainly reflected the greatest credit upon the society. After a careful discussion of the contest, considering in particular the articulation, enunciation, emphasis, general interpretation and gesture, the judges gave the victory to Master George McCarrick.

—BASEBALL.—The second game of the series between the *Whites* and *Blacks* for the championship of the University was played Tuesday afternoon, and was an interesting game, resulting in a score of 12 to 10 in favor of Captain Roby's *Whites*. The teams are about evenly matched, and an extra effort will be made to win the next game by both sides. The following is the

SCORE:

WHITES.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	S.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Flannigan, s. s. and 3d b.,	4	2	1	0	1	3	3				
Maynes, r. f.,	5	1	1	0	0	0	0				
McKee, 3d b. and s. s.,	4	1	2	0	1	1	3				
Roby, l. f.,	5	1	3	0	1	0	0				
Schmidt, c.,	5	1	0	1	8	5	1				
Funke, p.,	5	1	1	0	0	2	1				
Cullen, 2d b.,	2	1	0	0	4	4	1				
Thorn, 1st b.,	4	1	1	0	11	0	0				
Flynn, c. f.,	4	3	3	0	1	1	0				
Total	38	12	12	1	27	16	9				
BLACKS.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	S.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
O'Neill, s. s.,	5	1	1	0	0	1	0				
Bauer, l. f. and c.,	5	1	0	1	2	2	0				
McCarrick, 3d b.,	5	1	1	0	2	3	0				
Chassaing, c. and l. f.,	4	2	3	0	5	5	2				
Covert, p.,	5	0	0	1	2	5	0				
Burns, 2d b.,	3	3	1	0	3	1	0				
Kerker, c. f.,	5	2	1	1	0	0	0				
Marckhoff, r. f.,	3	0	0	1	1	0	0				
Beck, 1st b.,	3	0	1	0	11	0	3				
Total	38	10	8	4	26*	17	5				

* Base runner hit by batted ball.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 WHITES:—2 0 2 0 3 5 0 0 0=12
 BLACKS:—1 1 1 2 0 2 1 0 2=10

Summary: *Stolen bases*—Beck, Marckhoff, O'Neill, Cullen, Kerker, 2; Burns, 2; Chassaing, 2; Bauer, 2; Funke, 2; Flynn, 3; Flannigan, 3; *Double play*—Flynn to Thorn, Cullen to Flannigan, McCarrick to Covert to Beck. *Base on balls*—off Funke, 4; Covert, 4; *Struck out*—Flannigan, Maynes, 2; Roby, Schmidt, 3; Funke, 2; Cullen, O'Neill, 2; Bauer, McCarrick, Burns, Kerker. *Hit by pitched ball*—Beck. *Passed balls*—Chassaing, 4; Bauer, 1; Schmidt, 2. *Wild pitches*—Covert, 2; Funke, 1; Time, 2 hours, 30 minutes. Umpire, W. Bender. Scorer, P. W. Foley.